

The most lamentable Tragedie

A halter Souldiers, hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of Bastardie.

Aron. Touch not the boy, he is of Royall blood.

Luci. Too like the Syre for euer being good,
First hang the childe that he may see it sprall,
A sight to vexe the fathers soule withall.

Aron. Get me a ladder, *Lucius* saue the childe,
And beare it from me to the Empreſſe:
If thou doe this, Ile shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may aduantage thee to heare;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
Ile speake no more but vengeance rot you all.

Lucius. Say on, and if it please me which thou speakest,
Thy childe shall liue, and I will see it nourisht.

Aron. And if it please thee? why assure thee *Lucius*,
I will vexethy soule to heare what I shall speake:
For I must talke of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of blacke nights, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villanies
Ruthfull to heare, yet pittiously performd,
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Vlesse thou sweare to me my childe shall liue.

Lucius. Tell on thy minde, I say thy childe shall liue.

Aron. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Lucius. Who should I sweare by, thou beleeuest no God,
That graunted, how canst thou beleeue an oath?

Aron. What if I doe not, as indeed I doe not,
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I haue seene thee carefull to obserue,
Therefore I vrgē thy oath, for that I know
An Idcot holds his bauble for a God,
And keepes the oath which by that God he sweares,

To

of Titus Andronicus

To that Ile vrgē him: therefore
By that same God, what God so
That thou adorest, and hast in reuerence
To saue my boy, to nourish and
Or else I will discouer nought to thee.

Lucius. Euen by my God I swear.

Aron. First know thou, I beg of thee.

Lucius. Oh most insatiate luxury.

Aron. Tut *Lucius*, this was but
To that which thou shalt heare of
Twas her two sonnes that murdered
They cut thy sisters tongue and
And cut her hands, and trimd her hair.

Lucius. Oh detestable villain.

Aron. Why she was washt, and
And twas trim sport for them to see.

Lucius. Oh barbarous beastly.

Aron. Indeede I was their tutor
That coddling spirit had they for
As sure a card as euer wonne the game.

That bloody minde I thinke thee.

As true a dog as euer fought at bay.

Well, let my deedes be witness to thee.

I traynde thy bretheren to that.

Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay.

I wrote the letter that thy Father

And hid the gold within the Ladies

Confederate with the Queene,

And what not done, that thou hast

Wherin I had no stroke of mischief.

I playd the cheater for thy Father

And when I had it drew my selfe

And almost broke my hart with

I pried me through the creuice of

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